

The First Tattoo

by LightIsTheKey14

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Summary: "What'd I say?" Hiccup pleaded. Somehow, he'd managed to piss off the only girl that ever mattered to him. How can you make something up to a viking? Poor Hiccup didn't want to face the answer.
R&R Peeps! *rated T for pain, and being a viking.*

1. Chapter 1

"Guys! Check this out!" Snotlout yelled as he ran into the mead hall.

"What?" Hiccup asked shyly. He still wasn't completely used to hanging out with his new 'friends'.

"My burn!"

"Why are you showing off a burn?" Astrid asked, leaning against the wall, looking very scary while doing so.

"Because, it's shaped like a scull!" he said, as if it was just common knowledge.

"how'd you do that?" Fishlegs asked, amazed at the marvel.

"I burnt it in with hot metal!"

"so, you branded yourself?" Astrid asked, knowing she could catch him off guard.

"well, when you put it like that..."

"That has got to be the stupidest thing I've ever heard!" Ruffnut yelled.

"Shut up! That is totally awesome, man!" Tuffnut yelled in return.

'Great, now the twins are arguing...' Hiccup though, 'once they started, there was no stopping them.'

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"What'd I say?" Hiccup asked in vain. Using his dry, witty humor, he had somehow offended Astrid.

"oh, you know!" she yelled, turning away. She stormed off into the woods, and Hiccup desisted not to follow. She seemed really mad.

"Crap." he mumbled, sitting down on the ground next to Toothless. The dragon purred softly next to him.

"I don't get it either, bud. Chicks are just weird..." he said, trying to comfort the dragon, and more or less himself.

[illegible]

— "Where've ya been?" Gobber asked as Hiccup entered the forge, "we've been all kindsa backed up withoutcha!"

Hiccup jumped as a dented shield was thrown at him.

"How are people breaking their weapons, when we aren't even fighting anything?" Hiccup wondered aloud.

"well, we are still vikings. War-less, none the less, but still vikings." Gobber, looking frazzled from the days past work, replied.

"and um, I was, out.." Hiccup mumbled, answering his mentor, and boss' question.

"out where?"

"out and about. Sorry I was late, it won't happen again..."

Hiccup began sharpening a sword.

"it happens." Gobber mumbled in return, as he wondered into the back.

"so, did you hear about 'Lout's burn?" Hiccup asked, in a sad attempt to make conversation.

"aye! I helped with that burn!"

"you did!" he returned, sarcastically. He then looked down, realizing that he had done the same thing that had gotten his potential girl-friend mad, again.

"I sure did! And did a pretty fair job if I do say so myself, and I do!"

"okay?" He whispered, beginning to work on a different sword. The


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one to answer with that answer you get *drum roll * a waffle and a
smiley face! Here ya go! ('#') and :-) !**
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**Francesva: I liked your answer. It was original, and full of life,
and for that, you get... A Waffle! Here ya go! ('#') ! it has just
been dying to be your waffle! **
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****Thanks for reading this horribly long authors note, and on with the story!****

[illegible]

Hiccup stumbled into the forge the next morning.

"How'd it go fer ye?" Gobber asked, fingering over an ax.
>"Well, lets just say, Astrid doesn't like flowers." Hiccup replied,
his voice more nasally than usual. Gobber looked up and noticed
Hiccup with two black eyes, and his nose sitting crookedly on his
face.<p>

'She must hate flowers!' he thought.

"She somehow thought flowers insulted her 'toughness'," Hiccup mumbled as he began to sharpen a sword, "she was so mad it even scared Toothless!"

"Where is he anyhow?"

It was very unusual to see the boy away from his dragon, even when he was at work. It amassed Gobber that Hiccup could have kept him a secret for that long. It seems like he can't stand to be away from him for five minuets any more.

"ggggrrrrroooooopppp..." Toothless growled from outside. It was clear that he had heard their whole conversation.

"oh."

"Hey guys!" Hiccup yelled, running, well, more like stumbling, into the mead hall for his lunch break.

"Hey!" the all replied.

"so, where's Astrid?" Hiccup asked.

"uh, probably out with Stormfly, again." Fishlegs replied.

"uh, thanks Legs." he said as he turned to Snotlout, "You've still got that burn?"

"heck yeah! That sucker's scarred! It's forever!"

"um, cool?"

"You should get one Hiccup! It would sure help you look more vikingish!" Fishlegs added in. Hiccup pondered this. It would be cool. He thought about it, until he had a better idea than any he had thought of all week.

"Ya know what? I will! See you guys later!"

He ran out of the hall, completely forgetting to eat.

"Hey! Are you going to eat t-" Fishlegs asked, though it was too late, "well, I guess I'll just have to help myself then..."

"nope! I call it!" Tuffnut yelped.

"no way! I totally call it!" Ruffnut yelled in counter.

"aawww..." Fishlegs mumbled as he surrendered his small friend's food.

Hiccup, on the other hand, was now at the forge.

"Done wit lunch all ready?" the large man asked.

"oh, lunch... um no! Could you help me with a burn?"

"a burn? Why would ye wan a burn?"

"to make up to Astrid! She'll love it!"

"How do ye plan tu make up tu Astrid we a burn?"

"You'll see! I'll draw out the design, and you burn it! Okay?"

"fine, fine..."

Hiccup pulled out a notebook and began to work on the design. He went through about twenty different designs before concluding with a final. His ending design ended up as a human heart, squishy and bloody, with a 'A' for Astrid on it.

"done! You think you can burn this in for me?"

"well," Gobber looked down at the drawing, "it'll take ye a long bit 'o time, and it'll hurt like crap, but I ken do it fer ye."

Hiccup sighed. Even though that's gonna hurt, he knew it was worth it.

"When do ye want it done?"

"As soon as possible."

"so, right now?"

"yeah, right now..."

He sat down on a table.

"ye sure ye wan ta do is?"

"yeah. This has to work! I can't stand Astrid mad at me!"

"okay, ready?"

"Does it look okay?" he asked cautiously, afraid to look at the throbbing mark on his right arm.

"Well, I think at looks mighty tough!"

Hiccup gave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness..."

He was terribly afraid that it would look lame, or girly, and that would have just been the end of the world! After a moment, he worked up the courage to look.

"Gobber," he said in the best serious tone he could muster, "I love it! It's by far the coolest thing I've ever seen!"

If you looked at it, you wouldn't be able to tell if the blood was real, or part of the design. He was so sure Astrid would love it. He poked it gently, and quickly jerked his hand away in shock. That sucker hurt.

"can I go show Astrid?" he asked.

"you have ten minuets! Luck!"

"thank you Gobber! You are the best!" Hiccup yelled as he ran out the door, and into town to find his love.

[illegible]

"Astrid!" he shouted in her direction. Finding her had probably taken up half of his time.

"What is wrong with you? Do you want to die, boy?"

'Well, she's still mad,' Hiccup thought.

"No, I uh, I'm sorry Astrid!"

"What?"

"I'm sorry for saying, uh, whatever I said, so I did something to make it up!"

"You don't even know what you did, do you?"

"that's not important, I just--"

"You don't even know what you did?"

"no, but, Astrid just look!" Hiccup begged, as he showed her the side of his arm. "I got a burn for you Astrid Hofferson! I love you!"

"You. Stupid. Boy. Why would you do that?"

"You don't like it?"

"No! You hurt yourself, stupid!"

emselves! "

"um, Gobber?"

"hm? "

"can I have a few days off?"

"why? "

"I'm gonna, um, I've got an idea, and- and-

"boy, don't hurt yerself," Gobber places his hand on the hyperventilating boy's shoulder, "if yu really need it ye can have some time off."

Hiccup looked up into the big blond man's eyes.

"you have three days." he said sternly.

"Thank you Gobber! You are the best boss, mentor, teacher, ever!" he yelped as he flew out the door, ran right past Toothless, and exploded into the shed behind his house. Toothless had never seen his hatchling run so fast in all his life, especially with one leg.

"mmerrrrp!" The dragon gurgled as the whirlwind of a boy flew past.

"Hey Toothless meet me at home later, okay? I've really got to work on this!
I'veonlygotthreedays!"

[illegible]

Hiccup had done some crazy things, but this time Stoik was beginning to be concerned. His son hadn't come out of the shed for hours, and every few minuets he would hear a band, or a clank, followed by a "Crap!" or, "Stupid fire!", or even, "Dangit! Dangit all to heck!".

Stoik didn't know what to think.

"son! You need to go to bed!" He bellowed, hiding all concern from his voice.

"Hang on! I have to finish this wiring!"

'wiring?' the older man questioned to himself, 'what the heck?'.
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Stoik waited, then tried again, and again, still getting the same response. He tried one final time, before he would force him to bed with brute force. No response. That was over the line. No one would dare be that disrespectful to the chief of the tribe! The large man burst through the back door, and into the shed.

"Hiccup?" he called angrily. No response. He looked around the room, finding no Hiccup, but a mass under a tarp, with a 'DO NOT TOUCH!'

****Guys! I am so sorry for not posting sooner, but I was struck with terrible writers block! Well, I guess it's an occupational hazard. So, here ya go! Also, I was told to give a fish to Francesva. Here you are! *)))-{ ! Enjoy this Viking delicacy while you read! Peace!****

[illegible]

His hair stood strait up on his head, and his hands shook erratically. He, at this point, could be easily mistaken for a mad man, in which some could argue he was. He had not been out of the shed, (except for the occasional bathroom break) in three days. Hiccup noticed light shining through the window, and figured that his three days was up.

"oh trout... work... Crap! I've got work!" he shouted to no one in particular as the realization hit him. He quickly adjusted his prosthetic until it was a little less uncomfortable, and crammed his good foot into his boot, before running out the door. He was just one piece away from finishing his project. Just a few more tweaks, and Astrid would forgive him. Just a little more...

[illegible]

Toothless curled up at Fishlegs' feet and purred softly, explaining to the large boy that his own rider was too busy for him.

>"You hungry?" Fishlegs asked, completely misunderstanding the dragons crooning.<p>

"mmmeerrrrppp..."

"no, that's okay. I'm for once not hungry either."

He stroked the dragon's back, and flipped through the new, re-made, dragon manual, written by Hiccup himself. He had given Fishlegs it for his birthday a few months ago.

>"where's Hiccup? I haven't seen him in forever."<p>

"gggrrroopp!" Toothless gurgled in response.

"oh, I get it now. You're mad at Hiccup, aren't you?"

"nnnnneeeebbhhh ! "

"well, you know, him and Astrid have been fighting and whatever. He's probably just distracted."

"ttttuuuubbbbjjjj..."

"you realise, I don't speak dragonise, right?"

"ggghhhheerr..."

"yeah, yeah."

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Hiccup ran through the street, and into the forge.

"Gobber ! "

There you have it! Sorry if that was a little short, but like I said, writers block. Major. So, how about we play a game? This time, our game will be called, " the 'Will Astrid help Hiccup find Toothless game',"game. There are no right or wrong answers, so send them in! Thanks for your participation in the other games, and reading this far! Peace! R&R!

6. Chapter 6

**Whoa, sorry this took so long guys, I'm just now coming out of my writers-block. This chapter, I'm hoping, should make up for my not writing in so long. It has a twist! So, lets go on to anonymous reviews! **

**Francesva; No scene? That's fine, I'm glad you liked the fish!
Home-work, *shivers *, I hate the stuff! I made the mistake of not
offering a prize this time, my bad, so I'll reward you with, a smiley
face! *XD (it has a hat! Lol) Thanks!**

****Adam:** No need to cuss, lol, I'll make Hiccup feel plenty guilty for leaving out his poor little dragon! Good idea, but I went a different way with this chapter, (I'm just making this up as I go along!), things can't have gone over that easily... mwahaha! Oh, and here's your smiley,&:D (it has cool hair!) ******

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**Now, on with the story! Peace!
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[illegible]

"Toothless! Toothless, buddy! This is ridiculous! I've now managed to loose a dragon not once, but twice!"

Hiccup was now trudging through the woods, shouting in stray hope that he could find his dragon.

"Tooth-"

Hiccup dropped face forward onto the snow-covered ground, his good foot twisted sideways beside the rock that had tripped him. All was black.

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Hiccup moaned as the world came back into view.

"uuugggghhh..."

He felt the ground underneath him. Was that ground? No, that was far too soft to be ground. It was... a bed. His bed.

"What the crap?" he questioned, sitting up and running his fingers through his, long, hair? He hadn't had hair that long since he was seven! He quickly sprang out of bed, and shivered as the cold wood of the floor touched his feet.

"oh crap, oh crap!" he exclaimed. He looked down at both of his legs.

"I'm dead. I fell and died."

"Hiccup?" came a voice that he hadn't heard in ages. "Sweetie, are you okay?"

" Mom ! "

"Son!" Stoik shouted over the uproar of vikings, "You're late!"

"uh, yeah... sorry..."

"Quite alright! I don't know one timely viking here on Berk!"

The large chief laughed to himself, "Come, sit!"

Hiccup sat in a chair beside his father. He glanced around the room. There was Gobber and Spinelout, arguing in the corner. Tuffnut senior was drunk in the back, along with another third of the men. And there where the other kids, just a tad older than himself. Ruffnut and Astrid where boasting about how far they could throw a knife. Tuffnut and Fishlegs where having a burping contest, Tuffnut seemingly winning. Snotlout was leaning against the wall, arms crossed over his chest, giving Hiccup a death glare. He wanted to be the one in the chair beside the chief. He wanted to be in charge. Not Hiccup, the weak. Hiccup the useless. Hiccup was no chief, no viking, but a worthless know-it-all! Or, at least in his older cousin's opinion.

Hiccup had always thought that was an odd combination. Useless, and a know-it-all. And clumsy. Don't forget clumsy.

"Alright!" boomed Stoik, "Let the meeting begin!"

He nudged Hiccup roughly in the ribs, "take notes, son, this is how you chief a tribe!"

"yeah, sure..."

Hiccup watched intensely as various vikings argued about this that and the other.

Why was he here? This felt so familiar...

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**Okay! Gash, this is one messed up story, huh? You know it! Wanna know why? Because it came out of my messed up little brain, that's why! Sooo... game time! Here goes! This game will be called, "So, what's the deal with Hiccup? Is he dead, or what?, Game" game. Send in your thoughts, and or opinions, and win a space ship! (a Klingon bird of prey, for all those Trekkies out there! Lol) **

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With this, conquiring the galaxy should be really easy! So, Please review! Thanks for reading! Peace- LightIsTheKey14.

7. Chapter 7

**Hi there people! Wuz up? **

**Wammy: Nothin... **

Me: Oh, that sucks... People, meet Wammy, our new co-host person thingy!

The small boy lowered his head in thought. He had realized, that if he were stuck here, he would have to wait another seven years to find

his best friend. Assuming that things would still go in the order they had before. In all the commotion, Hiccup had completely forgotten how evil, absolutely horrible, the other children of Berk were to him all of his life.

Snotlout then approached the boy, and Hiccup fell into his old habits. He automatically crumpled into a ball on the ground, his arms around his head, safe-locked.

"Hey, Useless!" Snotlout jeered, picking up a rock and preparing to throw it, "Dance!"

The rock hit on target, and blood came from the spot on the small boy's back. With his hands still over his head, he ran away from his tormentor, and back to his house.

"Gah," he slumped in a ball once again, "Toothless... Astrid..."

Tears streamed down his too-small face. This whole thing had been about her, the only girl that had ever mattered to him. Now, by the looks of things, it was too late to do anything either. He just wanted to get back.

"Hiccu'?"

Hiccup looked up.

His mother was standing over him with caring eyes.

"Mom, I shouldn't be here,"

"Sure you do, Sweetie, this is your home."

"No, I-I- you're dead!" Now he was shivering.

She slumped beside him.

"I know, I know..."

"I'm serious!"

He wiped his nose on his shirt sleeve, and looked into her eyes.

"So am I. Sweetie, you are this close to being dead."

She held her fingers a centimeter apart to make her point.

"What?"

"You need to wake up, Honey."

"How? I am awake!"

"No, right now, you're lying on the forest floor, bleeding to death. Hiccu' I love you. Please, wake up. It's not your time. You need to go back to the village."

"How, may I ask, do I do that?"

****Wammy: It looks like my cousin, Frank...****

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**Me: M'kay! Story time!
XD**
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[illegible]

"I'm trying!"

The shout rang through the woods. Hiccup felt around the ground again. Blood. There was blood all over the ground, coming from a large gash on his head. He fingered over the wound.

"Astrid..."

A tear ran down his blood stained face.

Slowly, he stood up, and stumbled into the village. He soon spotted Astrid, and went to go talk to her.

"Hey, Astrid?"

"hm?"

The girl turned around to face him. "Oh my- Hiccup? What happened?"

"I was looking for Toothless, and I fell," Hiccup stumbled, but caught himself, "But all the while-"

"Hiccup? "

Her eyes grew large in shock.

"What, is that?"

Hiccup felt of the place Astrid was staring. A clear gooey liquid was flowing from his left ear.

Now, Hiccup's eyes lit up in fear.

"And your eyes," she pointed out.

"What?"

"You eyes, look odd. Come on, Hiccup."

She forcefully grabbed his wrist, and dragged him to the healer, Old Wrinkly's, hut.

"Snotlout!" she yelled she the went, "Go get Stoick! Now!"

The boy hurried off at the blond's tone.

"C'mon Hiccup. You're gonna be okay. You'll be fine," she assured.

"Astrid..."

"What?"

****Also, if you're interested, I've got a Hunger Games Roleplay, so if**

"No, I'm afraid it's not okay," Old Wrinkly said, matter-of-factly.

"What?" The chief, and Astrid both exclaimed in unison.

"This will kill him."

"What?"

"I've seen this before," the old man muttered, walking across the hut, "And every single case has died."

"Well, maybe he won't!" Astrid stated.

"He's the weakest viking on Berk," Wrinkly pointed out, as he turned to Stoik, "no offense."

Stoik just stood there with a shocked look on his face.

"Take the boy home, and make him comfortable. Enjoy him while you have him,"

"I'm right here, ya know..." Hiccup said with a pained look on his face.

He was going to die.

Soon.

"_Enjoy him while you have him,"_

That meant soon, right?

Yes, that meant soon.

()()()()()()()()()()()

Hiccup had been fading in and out of consciousness.

Toothless had returned to the home, and had been nudging the boy, cooing, for the past three hours.

"SHUT UP!" he shouted, covering his head with his vest.

He was lying on the floor, at the moment, practically trembling at the light.

It hurt his brain.

It hurt to think.

Toothless lurched back at the boy's outburst, and nudged him again.

"Aah! Stop! Somebody, make it stop!"

"Hiccup?" Astrid asked from the doorway.

Now he was trembling.

"Go away."

"Hiccup, please."

"Leave me to die!"

Toothless slunk to Astrid's feet, and grumbled.

The blond crept quietly to the boy's side, and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Hiccu'. Please, hang on, for me..."

"It's all for you, Astrid! All this is about you!"

"What?"

"I-I made it for you..."

"Made what? Hiccup?"

"I made it! It worked! For you! To make it up!"

"Hiccup, what did you make?"

"It doesn't matter now. It's too late. Too late."

The boy let out a scream of pain.

"Help me."

"What can I do?" Astrid asked, grabbing his hand.

"Make it go-"

He was cut off by another yelp.

His face made it's way to the floor.

"Hiccup, stop it. Stop this right now."

This has to be some sick game of his, she thought.

Boys play sick games on girls, right?

Hiccup's face contorted into one of rage. A scary mixture of pain, rage, and confusion.

"I can't, Astrid. I can't."

"Yes you can! You have to!"

She sprang up, and grabbed one of the notebooks strewn upon his bed.

"Look, here's some plans! You can finish these! Please!"

"S-stop talking. Talking.
Please."

"Hiccup!"

room.

"And cracked open your scull," Tuffnut added.

"And now, we're hoping that it'll grow back right," Fishlegs added.

"Nice," Hiccup said with a smirk.

"Does it hurt?" Astrid asked.

"Yes, yes it does."

"Well, it should," Ruffnut added, leaning on Fishlegs' arm.

"Am I still dying?"

"We hope not," Old Wrinkly said, coming into view.

"It's about a fifty fifty now."

"Oh. Well," Hiccup cringed, "that's good, I guess."

"Stay in bed and rest for a couple of days." the old man advised.

"And don't move your head. At all."

Hiccup scrunched his brow in confusion.

"But, what if—"

"Do you want your head to heal funny?"

"No . . ."

"Then stay still."

[illegible]

The next two months of healing where the longest of Hiccup's life.

Longest, most painful, boring months ever.

But, Astrid and Toothless had helped a lot.

Once he re-gained his tolerance for people, and became a little less sensitive to sound, that is.

But non the less, he did get remarkable better.

Old Wrinkly claimed that he would "Most likely live, unless he did something stupid again", and his father was thrilled.

That is the kind of thing a father wants to hear about their son's health.

"Hiccup?" Astrid asked, coming into the boy's room.

****OMG. I can't believe that's the end. Sadness! ****

So, I have a question for you guys.

Was that a good story?

**I felt like it was. **

D

**Thank you for your awesomeness in reading this, and keep an eye out for more HTTYD stories! Thank you guys! I love you all! **

End
file.